July
'63
No.
80

MAD

OUR PRICE
25c
CHEAP

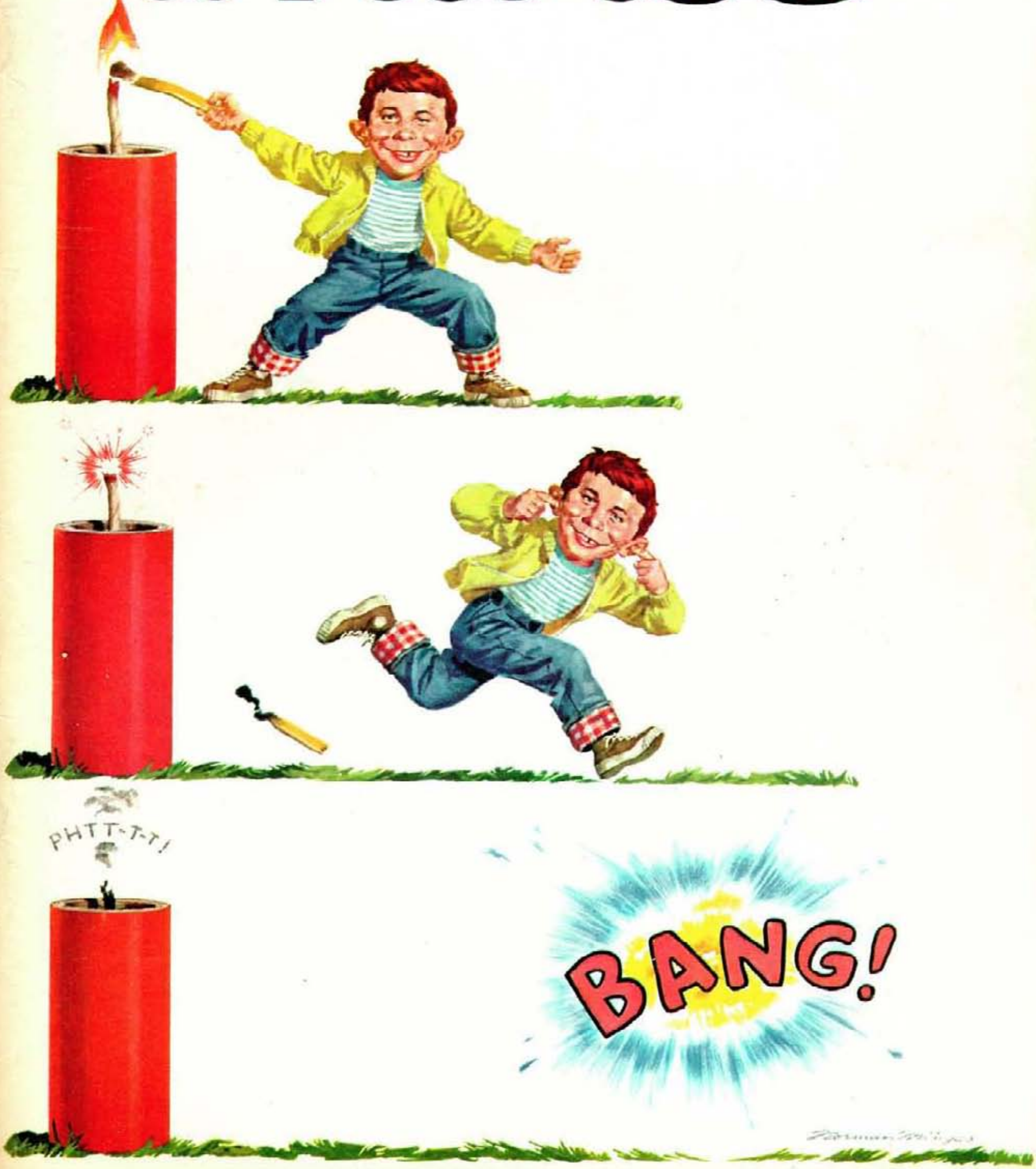




PHOTO BY BAREFOOT LESTER KRAUSS

"After 33 years, our Mayjag is a-workin' still"

"Yep, we got our Mayjag 33 years ago!" writes (or rather — dictates) Mrs. Alma Funk of Ozark, Arkansas. "Cousin Luke, who went to the big city an' made good, sent it to us! The only thing he fergot was — we don't have no 'lectricity up here in the hills!

"Which is why our Mayjag is a workin' still now! She jus' sat in the barn fer 29 years until Paw got the idea to use it fer makin' moonshine whiskey!

"Today, our Mayjag makes twice as much moonshine whiskey as that fool refrigerator Cousin Luke sent us, which we also rigged up to be a workin' still.

"Now if only Cousin Luke'd send us one of them dryin' contraptions! What a still that would make!!"

MAYJAG

the dispensable automatics

NUMBER 80 JULY 1963

MAD

"Girls who try to be 'talking encyclopedias' should remember that reference books are never taken out!"—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman **PUBLICITY:** Richard Bernstein
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Nelson Tirado
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

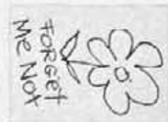
**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES



Marlon Brando casts his breadfruit on the waters, gets a good slice of the box-office take, and ends up with a crumby picture.



It's fun looking back at idiotic things we've written in autograph albums, but it may not be fun for these famous celebrities.



Some **MAD** fans may start growling at David Berg's satirical look at canine owners . . . and Dave could wind up in their doghouse.



A **MAD** version of Charlie Schulz's book about the happy things of childhood. Mainly, all we can remember are the awful things.



Once upon a time, there was a novel approach to American literature, but today's publishers rather their books show a profit.



This primer explains the Great American Pastime in terms that all clods can understand — even the clods who play the game.



You might say that we're reaching pretty far with cards from special people, but they'd be funnier yet if they reached **FATHER!**



This **MAD** version of that TV-Psychiatrist show may be a traumatic experience for any of you Jung folks who are a-Freud to laugh.

LETTERS DEPT.



CHESS BORED

Concerning your "Modern Chess" article in MAD #78—you thought that by having Bob Clarke illustrate a dark square in the lower right hand corner of each half of the board (instead of a light square, as it should be!) that all the MAD chess addicts would write in and correct the error, thus supplying you clods with letters for your Letters Dept. Well, I'm not going to write in like you want me to! I'll leave the job up to the other chess players! How do you like that?

Philip Logan
Purdue University
W. Lafayette, Indiana

We like it fine! And we won't print any of the thousands of letters that *did* come in pointing out our goof!—Ed.



Shoulda Been White!

NOSTALGIC MAD FAN

In the old days, MAD Magazine aimed its satire at such allied industries as comic books and advertising. Today, the admitted clods at MAD aim their barbed shafts at government, art, politics and anyone else unfortunate enough to stand in their way. Today, thru progress, MAD is sharply satyric, bitter, pointed and fraught with meaning. Once upon a time, MAD was *funny!*

Rick Wood
Memphis, Tenn.

GREAT IDEA?



Don't you think it would be a great idea if you would tell your readers about that sensationally funny book, "Canvas Confidential"—written by MAD writers Sy Reit and Frank Jacobs with art work by Frank Kelly Freas—which is on sale at bookstores throughout the country?

Sy Reit
Frank Jacobs
Frank Kelly Freas

Not particularly!—Ed.

MAD SPY STORY

The purpose of OSI is to simulate enemy sabotage activities to prevent laxity in security procedures that normally occur during peacetime. The agents may only use materials that would be available to enemy agents. We of Team 7 would like to thank you for the "MAD Window Stickers" in "More Trash From MAD #5." The "PRESS" sticker, plus forged I.D. cards enabled us to penetrate Otis AFB and leave after the operation was completed.

D. D. Harriman, 1st Lt.
Charles Burlick, 2nd Lt.
Intelligence Group 7
OSI, Handscom AFB
Boston, Mass.

INTELLIGENCE QUESTION

In studying Astronomy, one of the major questions covered is whether there is any intelligent life on other planets. After noting the popularity of the garbage you laughingly call a magazine, I'm beginning to wonder whether there is any intelligent life on THIS planet.

Jeff Spencer
Weston, Mass.

EAST SIDE STORY

Gentlemen, you have absolutely outdone yourselves! If you never write another line, never print another picture, or never publish another article, you can rest on your laurels from "East Side Story" for all time. I could have closed the magazine after reading this (and singing along), never received another issue of my subscription, and I would have had my money's worth ten times over. My heartiest congratulations and thanks.

Don Schectman
Northvale, N. J.

The cleverest satire you've published.

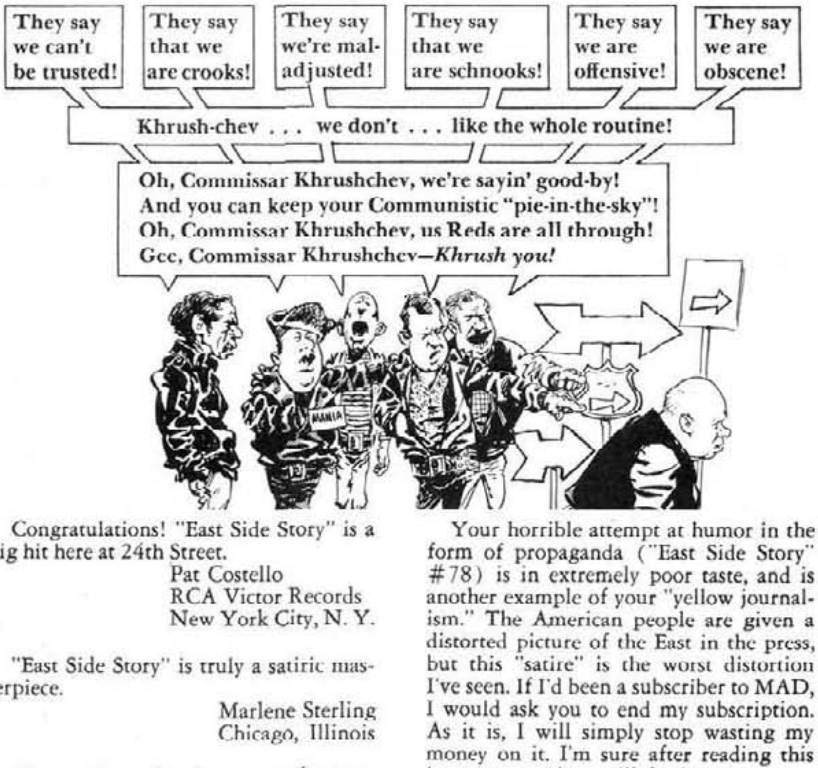
Max Silberman
E. Stroudsburg State College, Pa.

Congratulations! "East Side Story" was positively brilliant. Frank Jacobs has written some great things in the past, but this tops them all. Mort Drucker's art work, ditto. This kind of creative comedy is just not to be found anywhere but in the pages of MAD. Except, of course, when the Washington news gets to swinging. Backpats all around.

Dom Cerulli
Verve Records
New York City, N. Y.

It was terrific! One of the best musical satires you've ever done!

Frances Gangone
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Congratulations! "East Side Story" is a big hit here at 24th Street.

Pat Costello
RCA Victor Records
New York City, N. Y.

"East Side Story" is truly a satiric masterpiece.

Marlene Sterling
Chicago, Illinois

Your artist and writer are to be commended for a fantastic job. It was absolutely the most biting satiric fling anyone has ever taken at Communism, and it was 100% wonderful.

Veronica Del Genovese
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your horrible attempt at humor in the form of propaganda ("East Side Story" #78) is in extremely poor taste, and is another example of your "yellow journalism." The American people are given a distorted picture of the East in the press, but this "satire" is the worst distortion I've seen. If I'd been a subscriber to MAD, I would ask you to end my subscription. As it is, I will simply stop wasting my money on it. I'm sure after reading this issue, many others will do the same.

Miriam Weixel
Long Island City, N. Y.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 80, 850 Third Avenue
New York City 22, New York

TEE-HEE-TI DEPT.

Back in 1936, M-G-M made an excellent version of "Mutiny on the Bounty" starring Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. Since that was such a great movie, you all may be wondering why M-G-M didn't just go ahead and re-release it—instead of making the whole thing all over again. Well, the reason is obvious: The original film cost less than 18 million dollars to make! And as any idiot knows, you can't get people away from their TV sets and into the theaters with films that cost less than 18 million dollars to make! Fortunately, we at MAD don't have them problems. We would've paid our writer the same rate no matter which version he wrote about. So here is our version—which cost a good deal less than 18 million dollars to make . . . 18 dollars and 50 cents, to be exact . . . of the re-make of

MUTINY ON THE



BOUNCY



ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL








By the way—why is Jenkins being whipped?
Capt. Blight caught him leading a panty raid on Fletcher Wristlimp's cabin!
You dirty rotten sadistic inhuman beast!!
So—trying to attack the Captain, eh, my good man! We have methods of discipline to deal with that! Right, Mr. Wristlimp?
My word, yes, Captain! Oh, yes indeed! I'll take care of it at once!
Mr. Wristlimp! I believe you miss the point! This man is to be hanged from the yardarm by his thumbs! Sending him "under the mill" is hardly proper punishment!
Ooooh, you're such an old meanie, Capt. Blight! I could just spit!
You look troubled, Fletcher. Your mind seems wracked with indecision. Is Captain Blight's cruelty getting you down? Huh, Fletcher? Huh? Hah?
Psst! C'mon Marlin, it's your line!
I really don't think I'll deliver my line today! I'm just not inspired! The sea isn't exactly right—the wind is a little too strong in my hair—and the moon is one day past full! We'll have to try again next month!
Hoo-boy! Another million down the drain!!
Look! Tahiti! We made it, men! We made it . . . !
Here come the natives out to greet us! Look how prosperous and well-fed they look!
Yeah, and look how miserable and ill-fed we look!
Maybe when they get close to the ship, they'll toss coins up on the deck—and we can dive for 'em!
Holy mackerel! Look at the gorgeous girls! Millions of gorgeous girls! I've never seen such gorgeous girls in my life!
Shh! Quiet! Watch out! Here comes their chief!



Hi, guys! Welcome to Flip City, the capital of Tahiti. We've got a real swinging spot here, and we hope you have a fun time with us! Just show us your keys, and our Bunnies will check you in at the club . . . !
Boy, these savages certainly know how to live!
Man . . . dig that crazy dance!! Did you ever see such action!
Well, keep your eye on it! It's the only action you'll be seeing in this action picture! There's not one fight or duel!
I told you! I can't stand violence!
I hear the hair-dresser for this movie is up for an Academy Award for "BEST CAMOUFLAGING JOB FOR A WIDE-SCREEN TECHNICOLOR PICTURE"!
Tell me, Mamamia—of all the sailors on the "Bouncy", why did you pick me to make love to?
What make love?! I thought you were the Avon representative!!
Timati, I'd like to hang you by the thumbs until you scream for mercy. I'd like to tie you to a tree and whip you till your ribs show. I'd like to put bamboo splints under your nails, and set fire to them. I'd like to—
Gee, what a magical place Tahiti is! Even Capt. Blight is in love!!
What a simple, happy people! They laugh and sing and have fun all day long! What's that joyous dance that group over there is doing?
I think they're celebrating a death in the family!
Well, Mamamia! It's time to say goodbye! I want to thank you for all you've taught me!
Okay, but I still think it looks ridiculous for a man to wear his hair to hide his chest like we island women do!
Okay! Fun was fun, guys! True, the girls on Tahiti were beautiful, and life there was ideal—but we have a job to do! You have to admit it's great to be back on the ship—to feel the wind blowing in your face—to taste the salt in the air—and to be sailing on to distant horizons for King and Country . . . !
What's with Herbie?
He's delirious! What else? It must be the sea water he's been drinking! Blast Captain Blight for taking away our water rations!



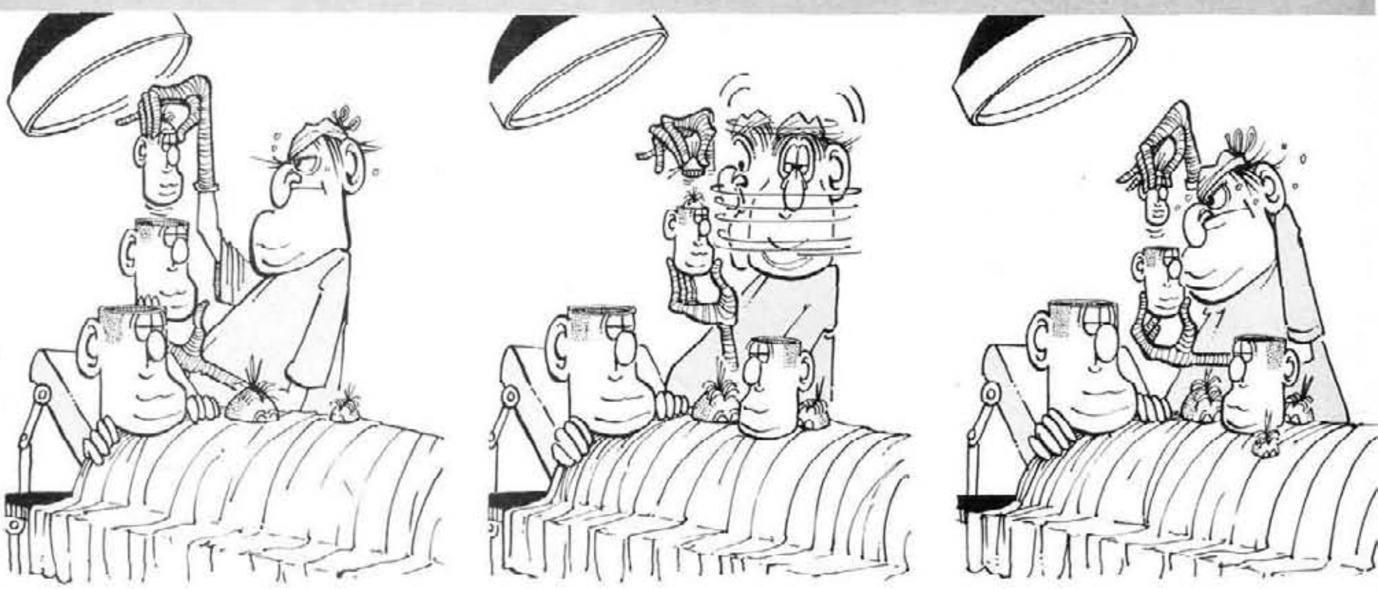
Mr. Wristlimp, the men are becoming delirious since the Captain took away our water rations. How about a mutiny?
My word, what a dreadful thing to say! Don't you dare mention mutiny on this ship again!
Mr. Wristlimp, Captain Blight is now flogging the men two at a time! And he's making all the other men watch! He calls it a "Double Feature"! Don't you think we should mutiny?
Sorry, but ours is not to reason why! We must obey the Captain . . . regardless of how we may feel about him personally!
Mr. Wristlimp, Captain Blight is now keel-hauling the men. Keel-hauling is not legal like whipping, and it's not clean like starving. It's merely against the Articles of War. How about a little mutiny? Just the two of us? Huh? What do you say? I'll be your buckie!
While I sympathize with you, Millz, you must remember that the Captain is the supreme commander of his ship. His word is law, whether we like it or not. And now, if you'll excuse me, it's a bit late—so I shall retire!
Goodnight, Mr. Wristlimp!
Oooooh! Oooh, you . . . you . . . you nasty thing! Oooooh, I'm so annoyed with you! MUTINY! MUTINY! I'M TAKING OVER THIS SHIP!!!
You terrible man, you! I patiently stood by while you flogged the men. I allowed you to starve them. I let you put them in chains, and keel-haul them. All this I excused. But now . . . you have committed an unpardonable sin! YOU'RE WEARING THE SAME NIGHTGOWN AS ME! WE CLASH!! Ooooooh, I'm so angry!
All those in favor of a mutiny against the Captain, stand with me!
Begging your pardon, Mr. Wristlimp, I realize that you lost your temper. But I do think the men would be more impressed if you stabbed him in the arm with a sword—instead of slapping him in the face with your hankie!


Stab him with a sword! I should say not! I want him in **perfect health** when we bring him back to England to face charges of cruelty, sadism, murder, and conduct unbecoming an officer . . . mainly **style-swiping!!**
Back to England? Did you **hear** that, men? Is **that** what you mutinied for—to go back to England?
I'm for going back to **Tahiti** and a life of pleasure in the sunshine with those gorgeous Tahitian girls. All those in favor of a mutiny **against** the mutiny, **stand with me!!**
Oooh, you fools! He wants you to go back to Tahiti so a British Man-'O-War will find you. Look, he's been leaving a trail of **breadfruit trees** for them to **follow!**
If you don't **want** to go back to England, we'll find some **unknown island** with sunshine and gorgeous girls. All those in favor of a mutiny **against** the mutiny against the mutiny, **stand with me!**
Hold it! **Hold it!** We're **not** going back to England! And we're **not** going back to Tahiti! And we're **not** going to an unknown island!!
What's this? A mutiny **against** the mutiny against the mutiny against the mutiny??
That's right!!
Where do **you** propose to sail to?
Back to **Holly-wood!**
ARTHUR
ARTHUR
ARTHUR
We represent the **stockholders** of this company, and the way this movie has been dragging on, it looks like M-G-M is going to be **bankrupt!** So if you ever want to collect your **salaries**, you'll end this picture **now**—and **stand with us!**
That's better! Hoist the new standard, and let's turn this ship around . . .
ARS GRATIA ARTIS
HOLLYWOOD OR BUSTED
BOUNCY

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

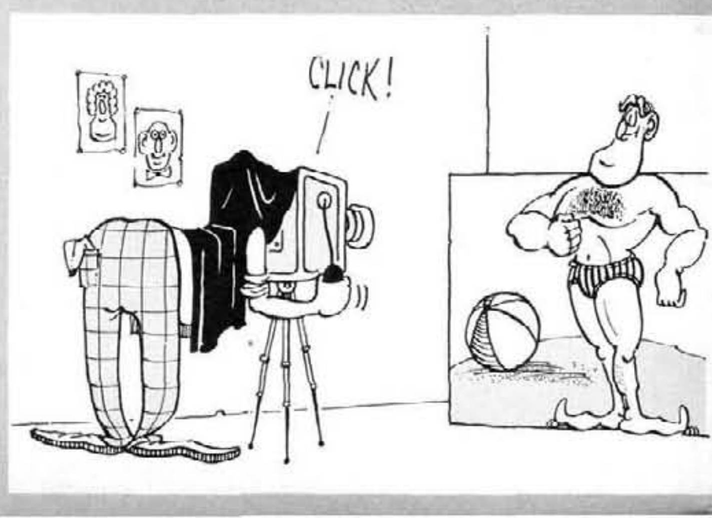
BRAIN SURGERY

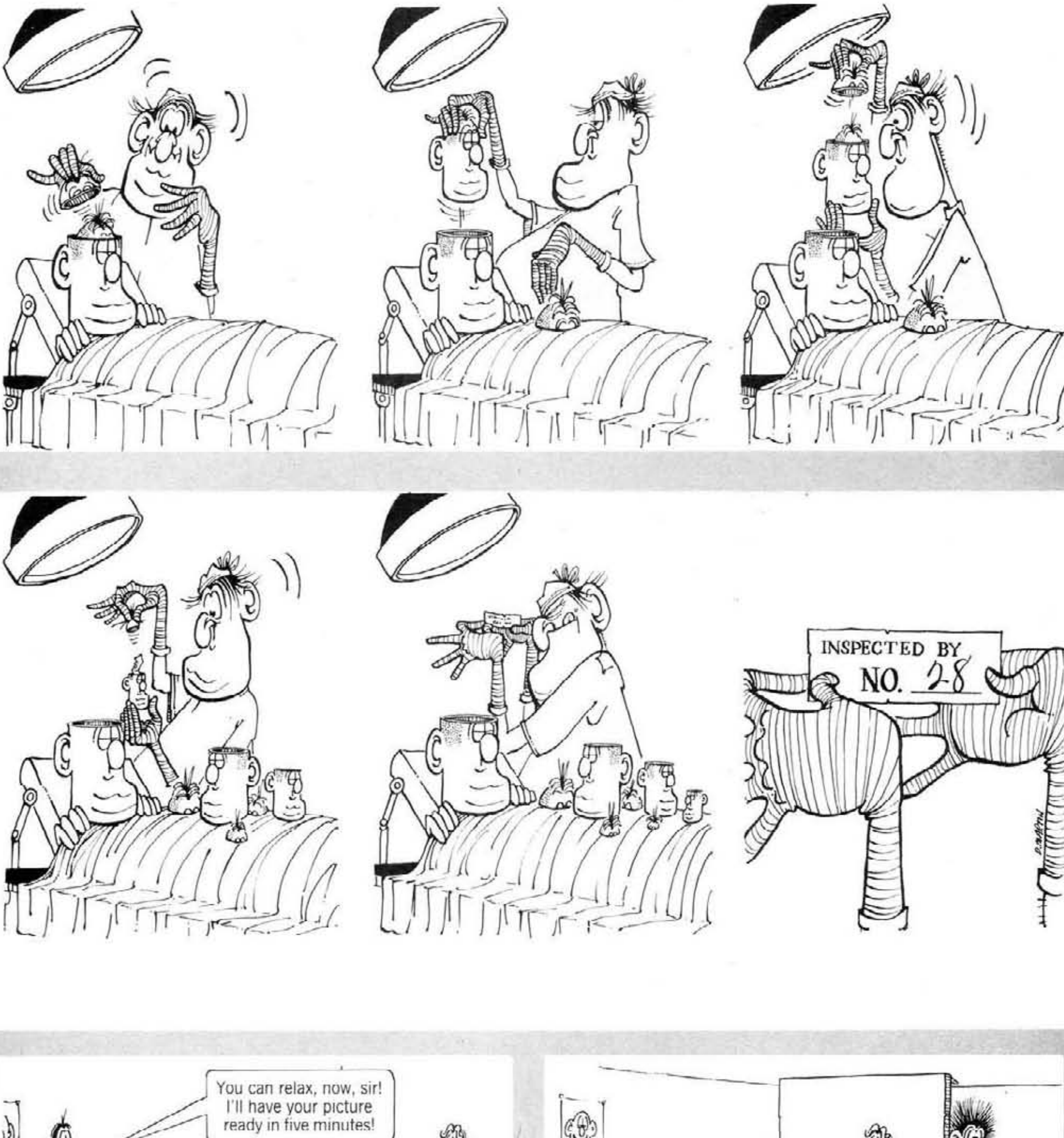


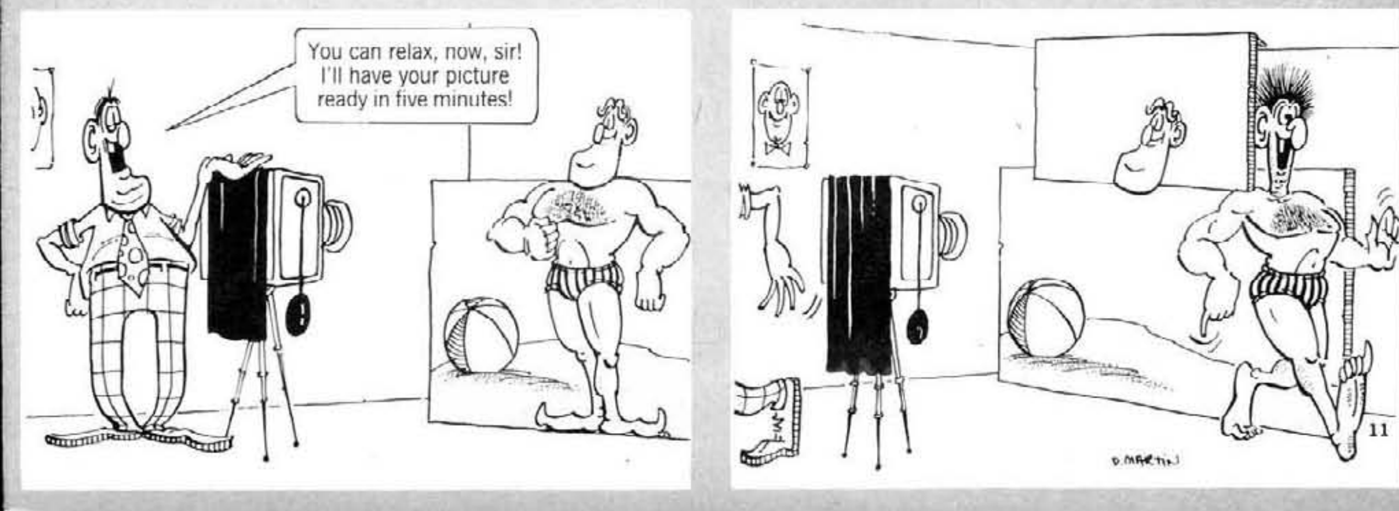


DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ON THE BOARDWALK




INSPECTED BY
NO. 28
D.MARTIN


You can relax, now, sir! I'll have your picture ready in five minutes!
D.MARTIN

BLACKBOARD JINGLE DEPT.

When kids graduate from school, they run around like crazy getting everyone in their class to sign their autograph albums. Now, you may think this is pretty dopey, but don't be so smug: (Look at the magazine you're reading, f'rinstance!) At some future date, these autographs could become very valuable! Like, how do you know that the creep who sat next to you won't grow up to be a Congressman, or a Bank Robber, or something worse yet? He might even become famous! Then you would have a priceless autograph of a famous person when he was twelve years old! Wouldn't that be great? We here at MAD thought so . . . until we did some hunting, and came up with these

CHERISHED PAG
FROM OLD AUTO

THE BACK BAY SCHOOL. BOSTON. MASS.

To Donald:
Be independent
And you'll be wise;
When you grow up,
Cut all family ties!
your fellow classmate,
John F. Kennedy

Public School No. 5, Vienna, Austria

to Otto:
From one good friend to another --
I really think you're grand,
But sometimes you perplex;
How come from morn 'til night
You only think of SEX ?!
You have too good a mind to waste on such unimportant things!
your pal,
Sigmund Freud

THE CHAUNCEY SCHOOL, LONDON

to Rodney -
All day,
All night,
Might makes right.
Fight, fight, fight!
Your friend,
Bertram Russell

Barcelona Day School, Barcelona, Spain

to JuAn,
Remember the Schoolhouse
Remember the BROOK
Remember the Fellow
who Messed up your Book
YOUR fellow classmate
PABLO PICASSO

MISS LOPEZ
FORGET ME NOT
FRIENDSHIP
oops! just A BLOT



ES GRAPH ALBUMS

signed by some famous people

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

Bismarck School, Wurttemberg, Germany

to Fritz:
Here's to my dear classmate
Who helped me out of a jam
When you let me copy
From your Math Final Exam!
I'll never forget you,
Albert Einstein

The Davey Crockett School District 5, Texas

To Slim:
Strive for "First Place"
Though the going be rough
'Cause just "Second Best"
Is not good enough!
Your sidekick,
Lyndon Johnson

P.S. 193, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

to Milty,
Milty had a steamboat
The steamboat had a bell;
Milty went to heaven,
The steamboat went to-toot!
your friend,
Henry Miller

P.S. 6, LAWRENCE, MASS.

to Harold,
Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Aren't you glad
You finally graduated from this school?
your buddy,
Robert Frost

M.G.M. STUDIO SCHOOL CULVER CITY, CAL.

To Debbie,
There are small ships;
There are big ships;
But the best ships
Are friendships!
4-Get-Me-Not
Elizabeth Taylor

Miss Phipps School—Philadelphia, Pa.

To Florence:
From your fellow "American Legion Award Winner"
Always love your country,
It's a great, great home;
It's the land from where you'll
Never want to roam!
Best of luck,
Grace Kelly

PRINCE ALEXEI SCHOOL, ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

TO IGOR:
I'LL N3V3R FORG3T YOU
'THOUGH YOU'R3 N3AR OR FAR
I THINK YOU AR3 GR3AT
LIK3 OUR D3AR KINDLY CZAR!
YOUR SCHOOL CHUM,
NIKITA KHRUSHCH3V

SOUTH SIDE SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.

to Phil,
In the important game of life
there's just one way to play it:
If you can't say something nice,
It's better not to say it!
Your Pal,
Jack E. Leonard

Budapest School, Budapest, Hungary

to Zoltan,
You are my hero,
I am your dove
You are the only boy
That I will ever love!
Yours til Gibraltar rocks,
Zsa Zsa Gabor

Yorba Linda, Cal. Grade School

To Artie,
As you go through life,
Always remember this motto:
It matters not if you win or lose,
it's how you play the game.
Your fellow grad-u-8,
Richard Nixon

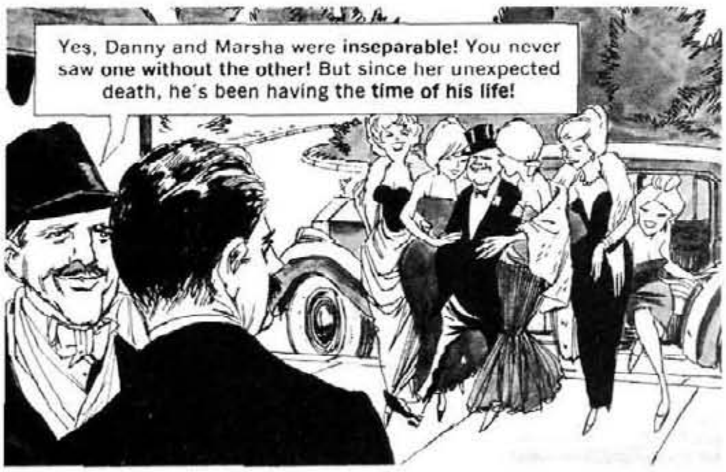
OFF THE BEATEN SOUND-TRACK DEPT. PART I

MOVIE DIALOGUE WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

A COLLECTION OF "REVERSE CLICHES" DESIGNED TO INJECT NEW LIFE INTO OLD "SURE-FIRE DIALOGUE"









ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

The following article by David Berg is about dogs and their owners, and although you may not be interested in either, you will read the article and begin to laugh as soon as the bell rings. Get that? You will read the article and begin to laugh as soon as the bell rings! Understand? Okay, ring the bell, Mr. Pavlov . . .

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF









DOG OWNERS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





SLURP!
SLURP!
SLURP!
Squeal!
Squeal!
Squeal!
Oh, you poor little thing! Don't they ever feed you in this house?!
GRRR
GRRR
GRRR
SLAM
YEOW!
I'm leaving you in charge of the children while my husband and I are in Europe, Mrs. Glasser . . .
And what about the dog, Mrs. Wright?
Oh, I'm taking "Poopsie" with me! I just couldn't live without him! Besides—I wouldn't trust anybody to take care of my little doggie!!
Hey, Jerry, before you go, get a load of this trick I taught the dog! Okay, Shlepp—Flip!
I said FLIP, Shlepp! FLIP! ! C'mon, you've been doing it all week!
I gotta go, Herbie! I haven't got all night—
FLIP, you dumb mutt! A-ahhhh!
Okay, Jerry! So long . . .


HEY, MISTER! CAN'T YOU READ?!
DON'T BE A LITTER BUG
GRR
SAFETY IS NO ACCIDENT
"Don't Be A Litter-Bug" means exactly what it **says!** I saw you deliberately throw an empty pack of cigarettes in the street! You ought to be **ashamed** of yourself! Dirtying up our beautiful city!!
HEY, LADY!! CAN'T YOU READ!?
CURB YOUR DOG
DON'T BE A LITTER BUG


I've got so much shopping, I don't know where to begin!
Neither do I! Why don't we go our separate ways and meet later for lunch? Where are you going first?
DIANE'S POODLE PARLOR
Well, I've got to get some shampoo, hair rinse, nail polish, cologne, oral spray, tranquilizers, vitamins, perfume, skin cream and lolly pops!
Good! I'll meet you at the drugstore in twenty minutes
What drugstore?! I'm going to the **Pet Shop!** I need all that stuff for the **dog!**
NATURE'S PET LAND
IF YOUR DOG HAS LOST HIS TAIL GET HIM ANOTHER ONE AT THIS RETAIL STORE
CONTACT LENSES FOR NEAR-SIGHTED WATCH DOGS
GET YOUR DOG A NEW LEASH ON LIFE
HALVAH DOG BISCUITS
OUR DOGS BARK IN 7 LANGUAGES


Oh, Rosalyn, I think it's **adorable** the way you dress up your dog!
Goodnight, everybody! And **Happy New Year!!**
HAPPY NEW YEAR
STOP HIM, SOMEBODY! HE'S RUNNING OUT THE FRONT DOOR
Officer (sob), you must help me (sob)! I just lost my very valuable dog (sob)! He's a brown and white Terrier . . . wearing green pajamas (sob), a plaid bathrobe, a pink night cap, and blue booties (sob)!!
What was all **that** about?
I dunno! **Some drunk!!**
SGT. MARTY STEVEN


Well, I finally got **rid** of that mangey mutt! I drove him to the other side of town and **dumped him!** No more chewed rugs! No more torn newspapers! No more shedding all over the house! No more turned-over garbage cans! And neighbors complaining! And vet bills . . .
I'm glad! And good riddance!
BING BONG
I'll get it!
Here's your **dog,** Mrs. O'Conner! I found him on the other side of town!
So where's my reward??

SPEC-TICK-TOCK-ULAR DEPT.

Now that the creative geniuses at the TV networks have given us those fabulously imaginative "Daily Weather Shows", it won't be long now before they turn their attentions and talents to developing other daringly new and starkly perceptive productions. F'rinstance, if they can produce a 5-minute "Special" for just the local weather, they certainly should be able to do a provocative 15-minutes with something equally dull—like the "local time". Can't you see something like this on your television screen . . .

Ladies and Gentlemen, The National Broadcasting Company presents:

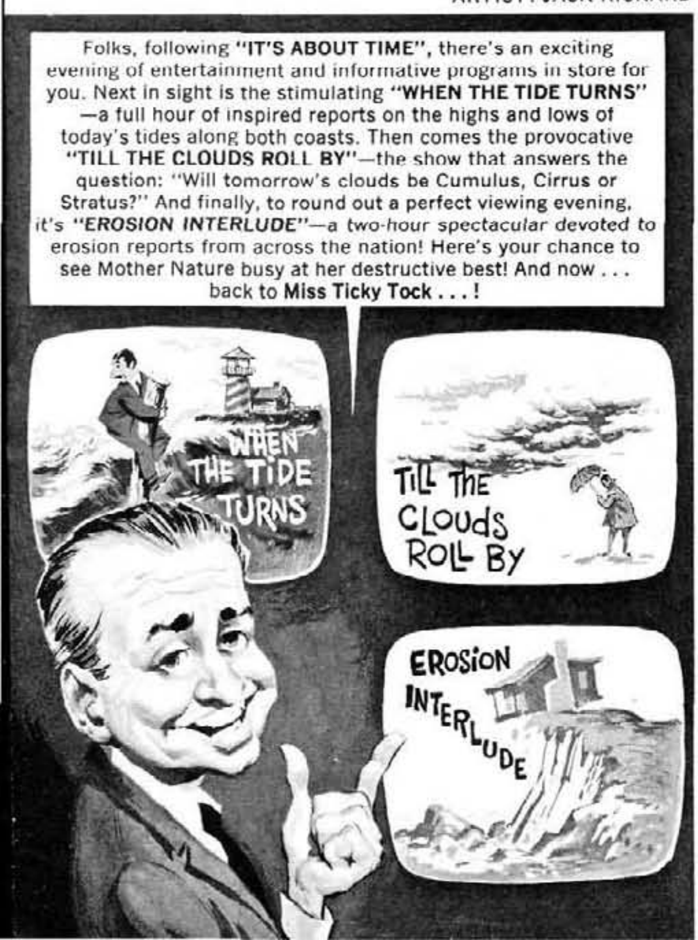
IT'S ABOUT TIME!







ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



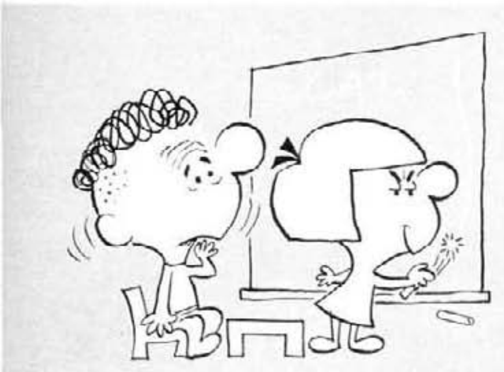




ROASTED PEANUTS DEPT.

One of the popular best-sellers of the past year has been a charming little book by the creator of "Peanuts," Charles M. Schulz, called "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy." Using his "Peanuts" characters, Mr. Schulz explores the little things of childhood that

MISERY I



Misery is a classmate screeching nails on a blackboard.



Misery is your ball down the sewer.



Misery is landing on *Boardwalk* with a *hotel*, just when you've gotten enough money to afford a house on *Ventnor Avenue*.



Misery is an overcoat that has to last for two seasons.



Misery is an ice cream pop falling off the stick.



Misery is moving.



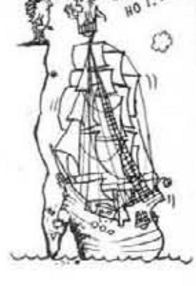
Misery is a sister.

Misery is having to share.



Misery is a knot in your hair.

bring happiness. For example: "Happiness is walking on the grass in your bare feet," "Happiness is three friends in a sand box . . . with no fighting," "Happiness is a bread and butter sandwich folded over," etc. Which is all very well if you remember childhood being full of happiness. We at MAD have the distinct recollection of childhood being pretty miserable. So here is our version of how the rest of the comic strip kid-characters would show the other side of the coin in this MAD children's book called . . .



S A COLD HOT DOG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Misery is the skinny end of your tie sticking out.



Misery is a left-handed kid sitting next to you, whose paper is impossible to copy from, during a test.



Misery is eating a peanut butter sandwich with braces on your teeth.



Misery is no skate key.



Misery is finding your pet goldfish *floating.*



Misery is the first snowfall of Winter—*and you have a cold.*



Misery is getting lost at the beach.



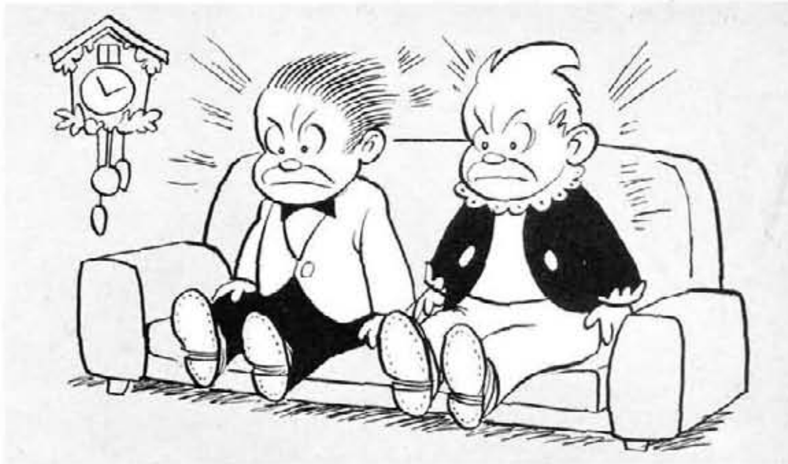
Misery is a piece of birthday cake with no flower.



Misery is Milk of Magnesia.



Misery is having to change out of a wet bathing suit under a towel at the beach.



Misery is being dressed up and waiting an hour before the rest of the family is ready to go out.



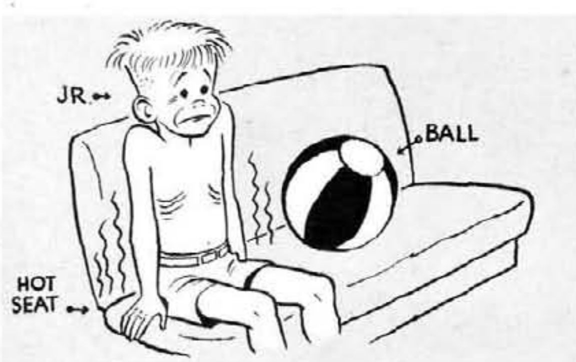
Misery is getting clothes instead of toys for Christmas.



Misery is a wet kiss on the face by an aunt with a mustache.



Misery is having to eat the watery part of a loose soft-boiled egg.



Misery is coming home from the beach and sitting on hot plastic auto seat covers wearing nothing but swim trunks.



Misery is a tongue-depressor.



Misery is finding a squashed banana in your school lunch bag.



Misery is buying five baseball gum cards and getting five Marv Throneberrys of the New York Mets.



Misery is trying on clothes.



Misery is crayons left out in the sun.



Misery is coming home with a rip in your best suit.



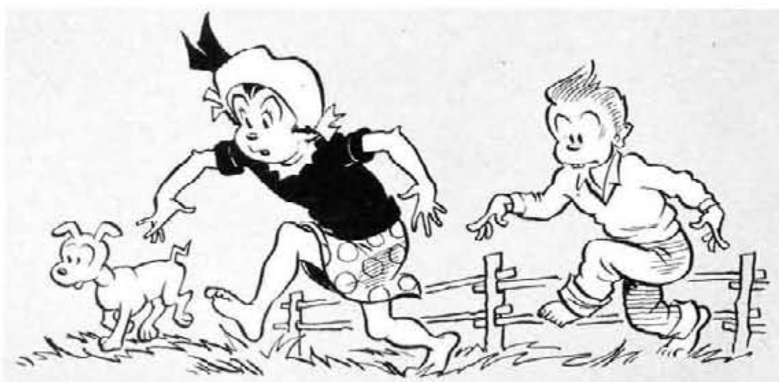
Misery is a roll of damp caps.



Misery is a sun-burned back, and then not being able to reach the good spots when it starts peeling.



Misery is when your parents won't let you keep a kitten you found.



Misery is walking in the grass in your bare feet—and then discovering you're in a cow pasture.



Misery is a rectal thermometer.

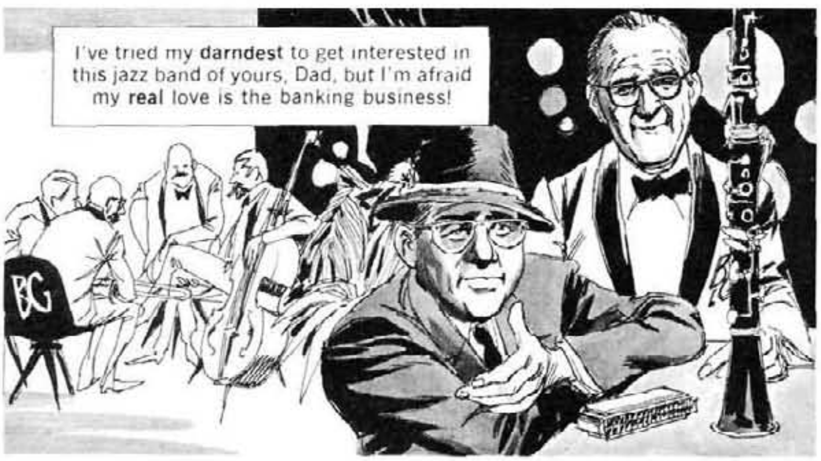
MORE
MOVIE DIALOGUE WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

OFF THE BEATEN SOUND TRACK DEPT. PART II

A COLLECTION OF "REVERSE CLICHES" DESIGNED TO INJECT NEW LIFE INTO OLD "SURE-FIRE DIALOGUE"







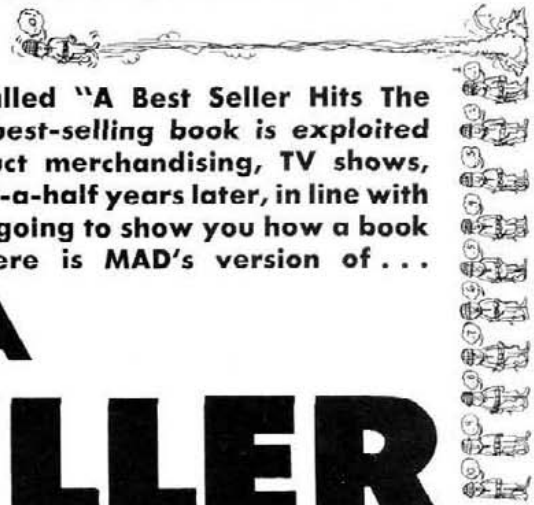




ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: HARRY PURVIS

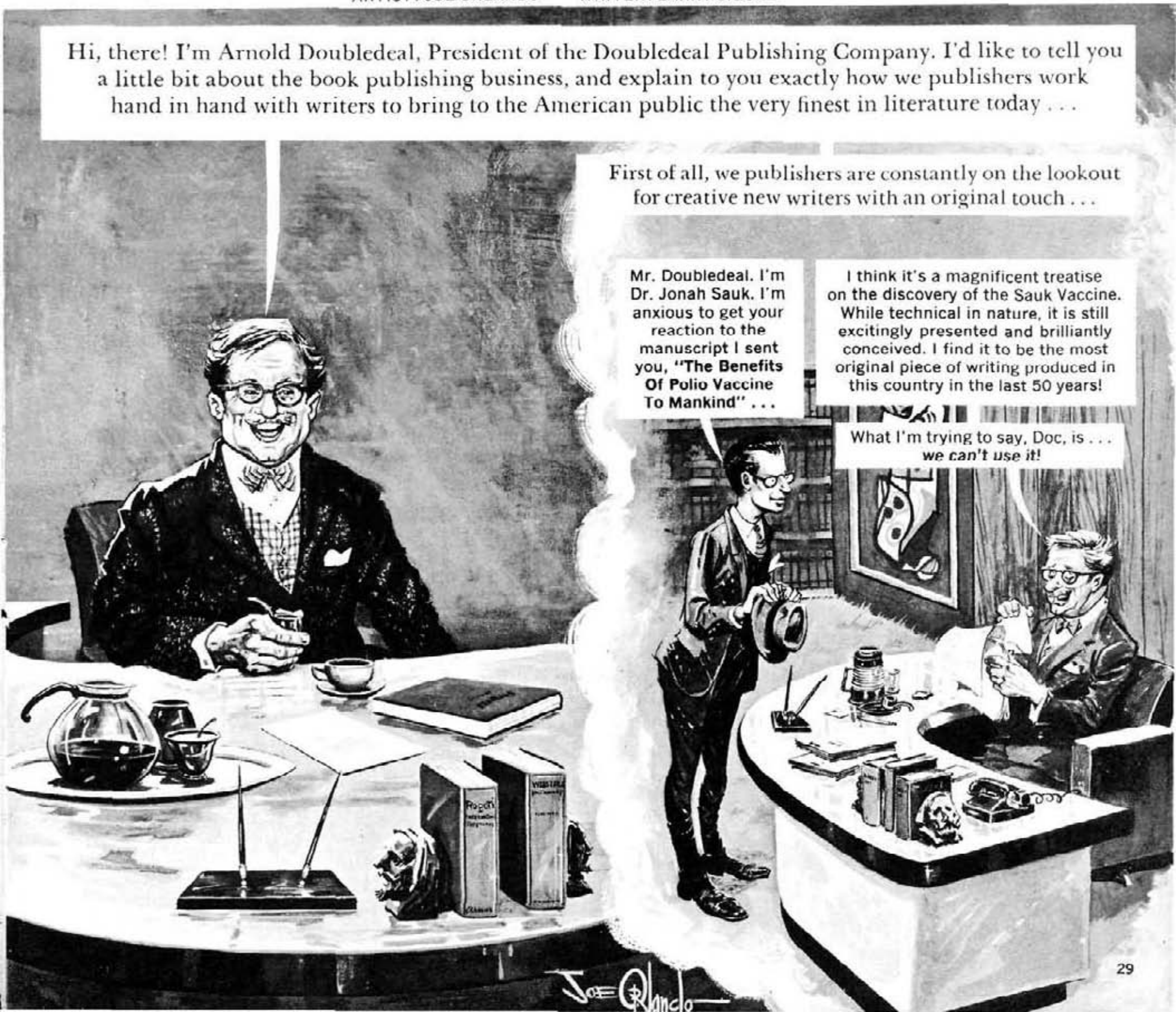




A few years ago (in MAD #49), we ran an article called "A Best Seller Hits The Commercial Trail." In it, we showed how a popular best-selling book is exploited so that it makes a fortune in other areas: i.e., product merchandising, TV shows, Broadway musicals, record albums, etc. Now, three-and-a-half years later, in line with MAD's steady progress in a backward direction, we are going to show you how a book becomes a best seller in the first place. Mainly, here is MAD's version of . . .

HOW A BEST-SELLER IS BORN

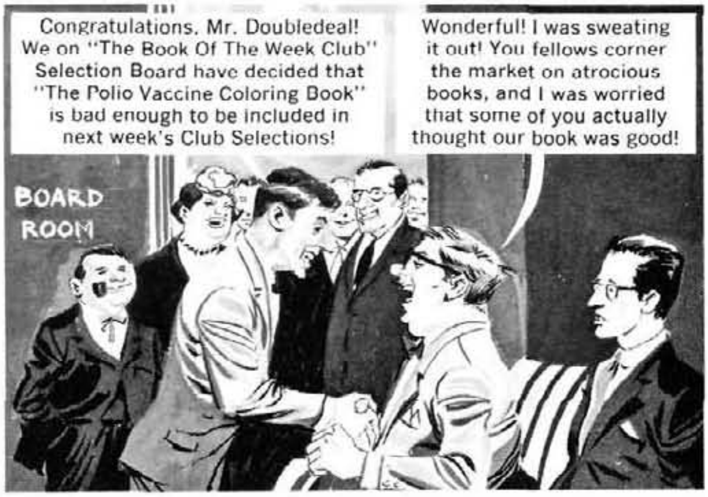
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL




But . . . but I don't understand!
I'll explain. Since this book is so original in concept, we have no way of knowing if the public will buy it. What we're looking for is original stuff which is almost exactly the same as the stuff they're now reading! See . . . we know they'll buy that!
In order to help our writers, my staff and I hold brain-storming sessions with them. At these sessions, we suggest minor changes, but we never tamper with the work itself . . .
Now who has an idea for a minor change or two which will help Dr. Sauk's book become a best-seller? Ralph?
How's this? We change the book from a medical treatise to a novel. We take it out of the laboratory and switch it to a movie lot in Rome. Our main character is changed from a famous doctor to an actress named Liz Taylor, and we have her fall in love with an actor named Richard Burton whom she meets on a polio shot line. The public will love it. They'll have all kinds of fun trying to figure out who the characters are in real life! We can call it "The Poliobaggers" or something!
That's absurd! I won't hear of it!
You're right, Doc. No, Ralph, in view of the Doctor's world-wide prestige, we need something a bit more dignified. How's this? We change the locale to a polio clinic in a small New England town. Then we have this intrigue between the so-called respectable clinic doctors and the wives of the townspeople.
Great! I've got a wonderful title . . . "Return To Polio Place"!
That's dreadful! I refuse to even consider it!
I guess you're right, Doc. The public is fed up with grim, serious stuff. What we need is something light and funny! Let's face it—there aren't many laughs in your book, right now!
Yes . . . yes, a funny-type book that will sell! Let me think.
I've got it! I've got it! Oh, it's so beautiful, it almost makes me want to cry! Listen to this . . . "The Polio Vaccine Coloring Book"!!
Brilliant, Ralph! That's it! I want you editorial boys to re-write the book and have it ready by 11:00 o'clock if possible. But don't rush it! Take until Noon if you have to!
But . . . but . . . but . . .
There's nothing more exciting for a publisher than to be able to put out a book which is so hot that he can announce in his ads: "JUST PUBLISHED! AND ALREADY IN ITS THIRD PRINTING!" . . .
"The Polio Vaccine Coloring Book" is ready to go, Mr. Doubledeal . . .
Fine! We'll print one copy on Monday, one copy on Tuesday, and then on Wednesday, we'll print 25,000 copies for our THIRD PRINTING!!

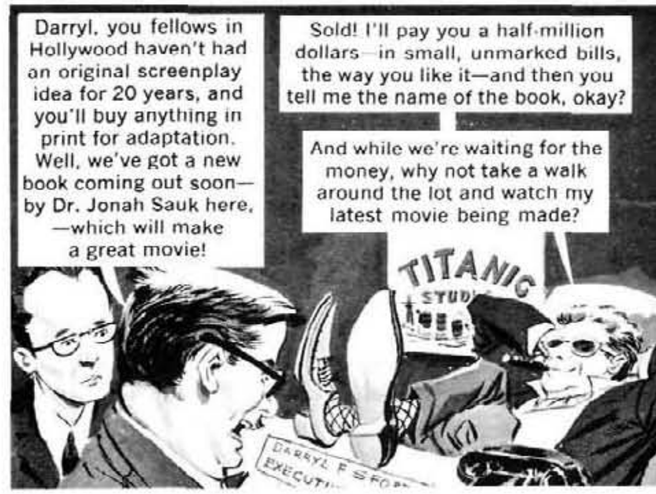


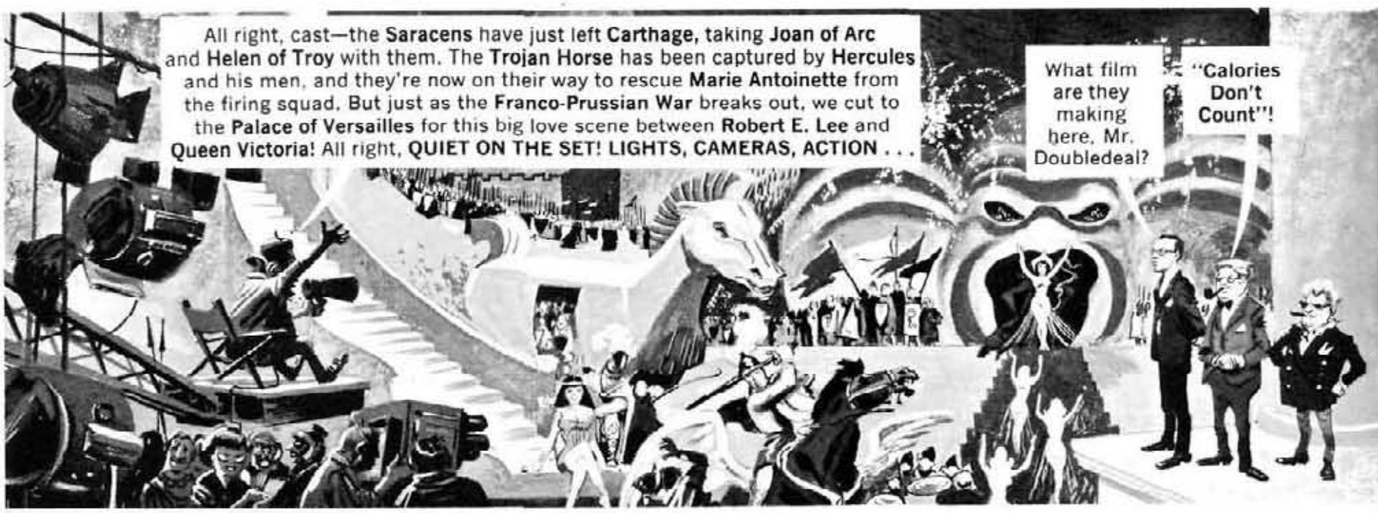
The dream of every author and publisher is to have their book become a selection of the "The Book Of The Week Club." This indicates that the book is of great literary value . . .





Once in a rare while, a publisher comes up with a great book which lends itself perfectly to a motion picture treatment. If he plays his cards right, he might sell it to a canny Hollywood producer . . .







Before a book is published, we take our author to many scintillating cocktail parties where he meets all the important people on the American literary scene. It's *wonderful for prestige purposes . . .*



Whenever a new book comes out, we try to place our author on a few select quality TV shows to plug it. We always handle this publicity with taste and care.



We also have our author appear at important, carefully selected book centers to autograph copies of his book.

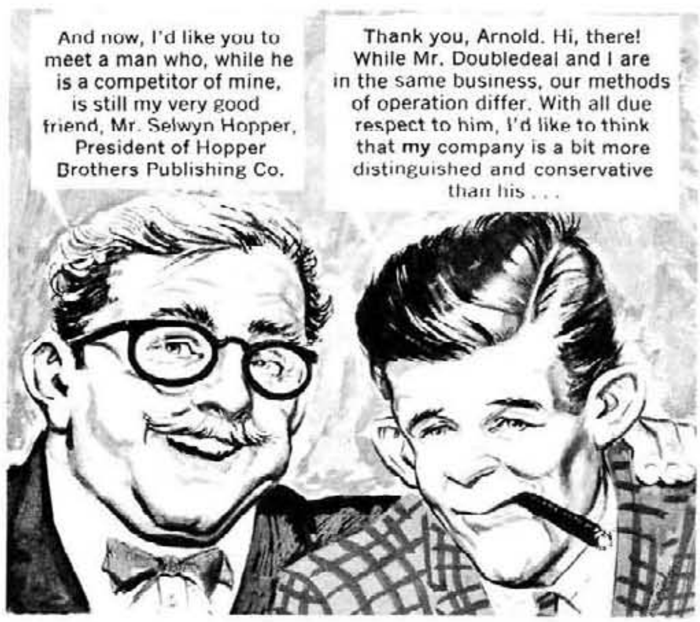


One of the happiest moments in a publisher's life is when he can use the following blurb in his ads: "750,000 COPIES NOW IN PRINT."...

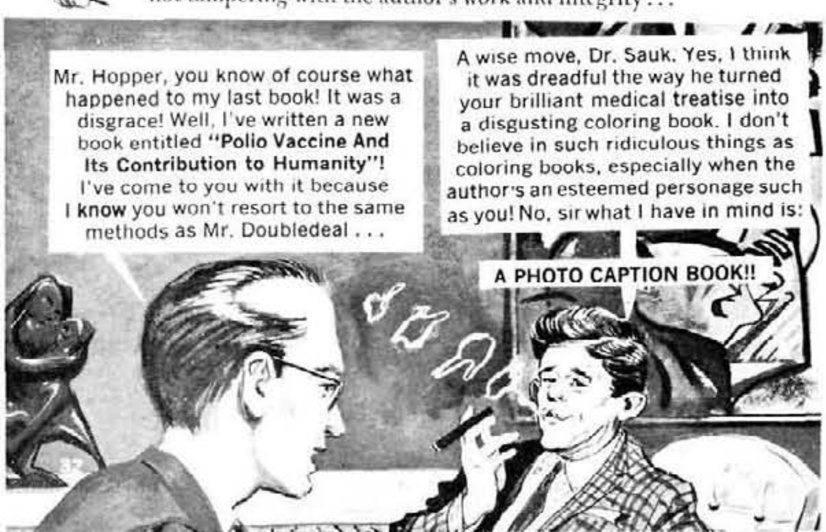


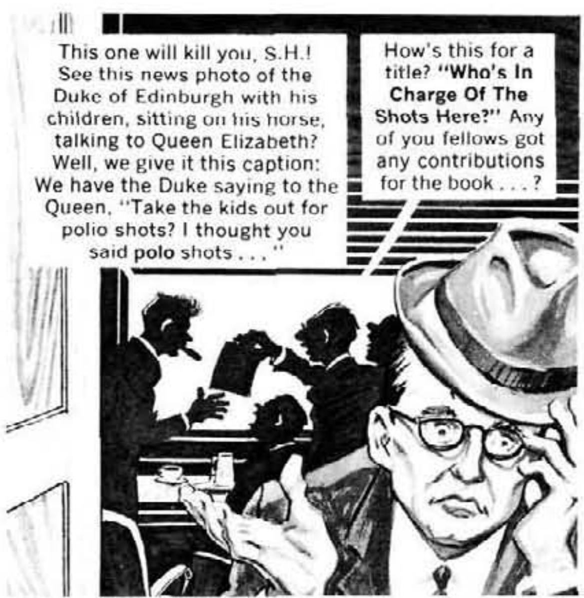
And of course it's a great thrill for a publisher and an author to walk past a book shop and see their book on prominent display in the window....





For one thing, we are even more careful than he is in not tampering with the author's work and integrity...

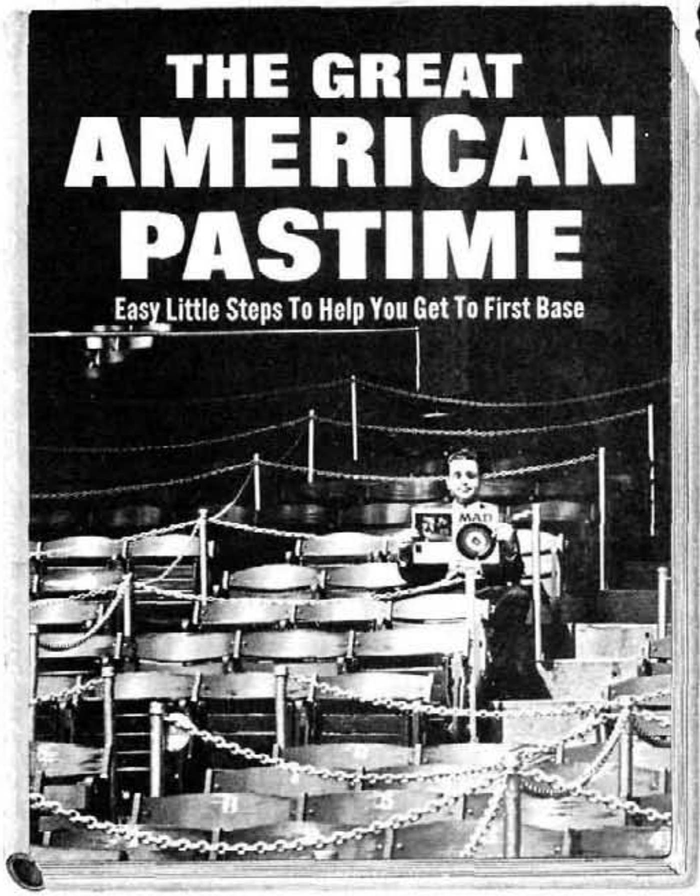




LEARNING THE SCORE DEPT.

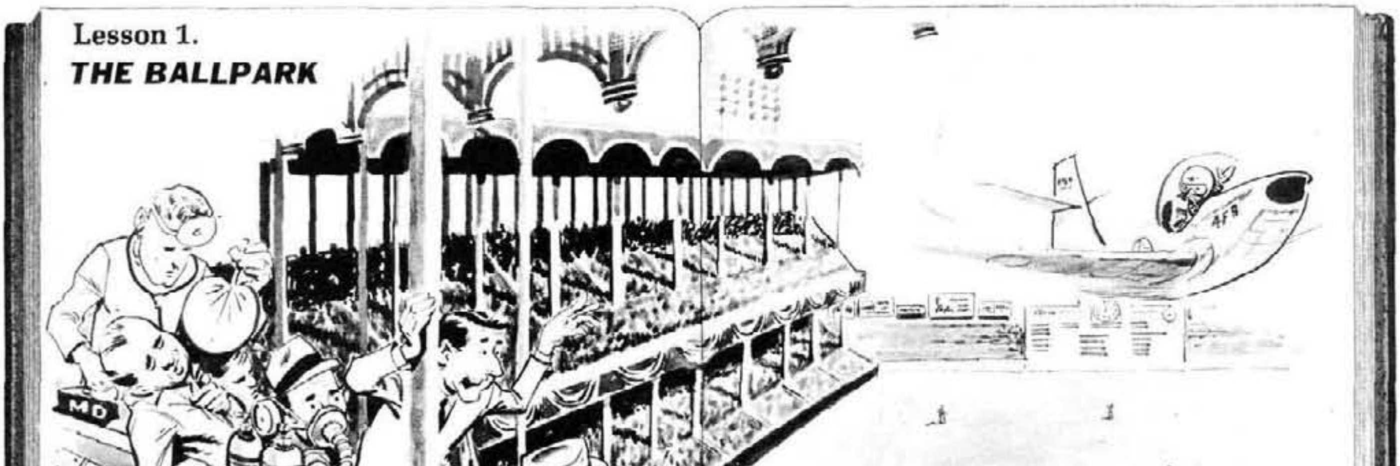
We could've done this next article as a "Baseball Coloring Book," but everybody's doing Coloring Books! And we could've done this article as a "Baseball Photo-Caption Book," but everybody's doing Photo-Caption Books. So we've decided to do it as a "Primer" which nobody's doing yet. Except us! We've done them . . . and done them . . . and done them! It may not be an original format, but it's seasonal. And so, with the cry of "Play ball!" being heard throughout the land . . . followed by the cry of "So what!", we proudly present . . .

THE MAD BASEBALL PRIMER



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD   WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 1.
THE BALLPARK



See the ballpark.
The expensive seats are down front.
When the sun shines, the people in them sweat.
When it rains, the people in them get wet.
This is known as soaking the rich.
Walk up the ramp to *your* seat.
Pass the 1st tier. Pass the 2nd tier.
When you get to the top, hear the announcer.
He says, "Is there a doctor in the house?"
That's because you've just had a heart attack!

See the teams come out on the field.
Do not bother to wave "hello" to the ballplayers.
They will not wave back.
They cannot see you.
Wave "hello" to the passing airplanes.
The pilots will wave back.
They *can* see you!
How will you know what's happening down on the field?
Simple! Listen to the game on your portable radio!

Lesson 2.
THE BASEBALL PLAYER

See the baseball player.
He plays ball every day.
People consider him a hero.
You play ball every day, too.
People consider you a bum.
Everyone loves the baseball player.
People chip in money to give him a special night.
People who make $85 a week.
The baseball player makes $75,000 a year.
Aren't people a little mixed up?





Watch the baseball player on television.
Some read commercials off "idiot cards."
Some don't. They can't read at all!
Most kids want to be baseball players when they grow up.
What do baseball players want to be when they grow up?

Lesson 6.
THE KNOTHOLE GANG

See the kids in the ballpark.
The kind management lets them in for free.
No one else wants to see the 10th-place team play.
The management wants to keep the kids off the street.
Because on the streets, a kid can't buy
$10 worth of hot dogs from the management.
After the game, the kids wait for the players.
They want to get autographs.
Sometimes the poor ballplayer has to push his
way through the crowd of kids.
Maybe you will be lucky.
Maybe you will get knocked down by Roger Maris.



Lesson 7.
THE BALLPARK VENDOR



See the vendor at the ballpark.
See him throw you your peanuts.
One, two, three rows behind you.
See him throw you your change.
One, two, three rows in front of you.
Ask him for a hot dog.
Watch him pass it along the row to you.
Count the fingerprints on your roll.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eccch!
Also count the teeth marks on your hot dog.
One bicuspid. Two incisors. Four molars.
Now ask the vendor for some ice cream.
Also ask him for a straw to drink it with.

Lesson 3.
THE BASEBALL FAN



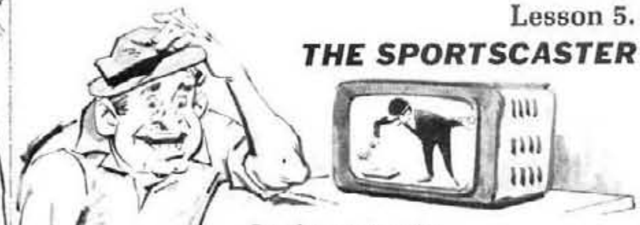
See the baseball fan.
He knows the names of all the baseball players.
He doesn't know the names of his children.
The baseball fan has a head for figures.
He knows everyone's batting average.
He doesn't know his own telephone number.
He knows the 3rd-string catcher for the Mets.
He doesn't know who Kennedy is.
The baseball fan is over 21.
He can vote in elections.
He can sit on juries.
It makes you stop and think!

Lesson 4.
THE SPORTSWRITER



See the sportswriter.
The sportswriter doesn't go to the game.
He goes to a bar and watches it on TV.
The sportswriter drinks like a man.
But he writes like a child.

Lesson 5.
THE SPORTSCASTER



See the sportscaster.
The sportscaster must go to every game.
He tells you what you are watching.
He makes dull games sound exciting.
Turn off the TV picture.
Turn up the TV sound.
Isn't baseball exciting?

Lesson 8.
THE PARKING LOT



See the parking lot.
This is where you park your car.
See the attendant.
He sits and watches.
He watches kids steal your hub caps.
Also your antenna, spare tire and seat covers.
The parking lot attendant is very athletic.
He is a racing car driver.
Did you know you owned a racing car?
V-rroom! Screeech! Craashh!

The parking lot attendant will give your car a dent.
In return, you must give him a tip.
Sometimes a ball is hit out of the stadium.
Sometimes it lands in the parking lot.
Then you might bring home a souvenir of the game.
Like a shattered windshield.

POP'S CORN DEPT.

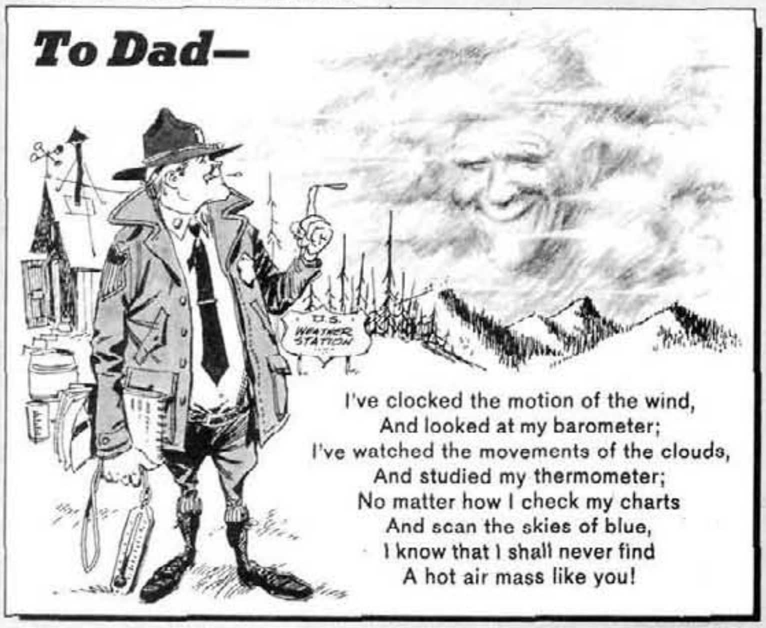
Some time ago—mainly 33 issues back—we ran a selection of "Mother's Day Cards From Special People." Since then, we've been waiting for some reader to suggest that we run a selection of some "Father's Day Cards From Special People." Unfortunately, we have received no such letters. As a matter of fact, we've re-

FATHER'S DAY

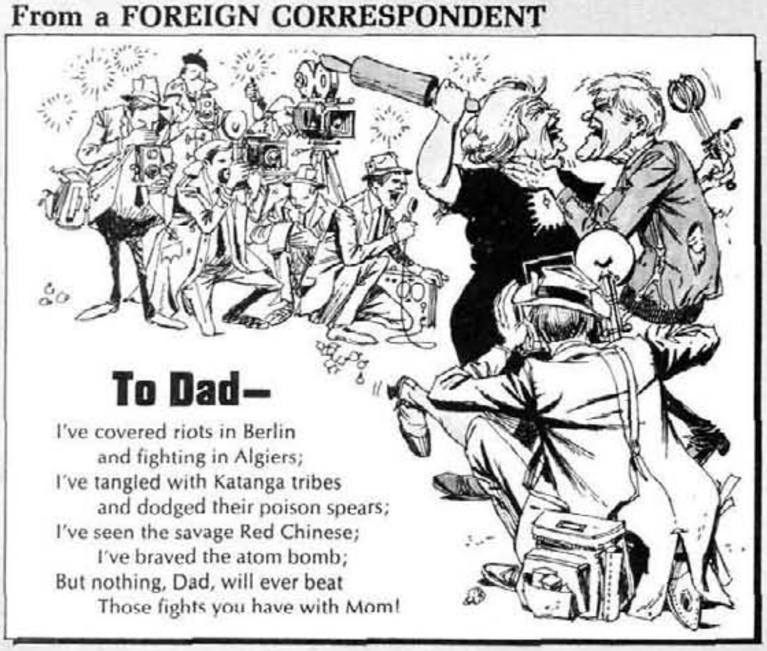
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FROM SPECIAL

From a WEATHERMAN



From a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT



From a CHEF

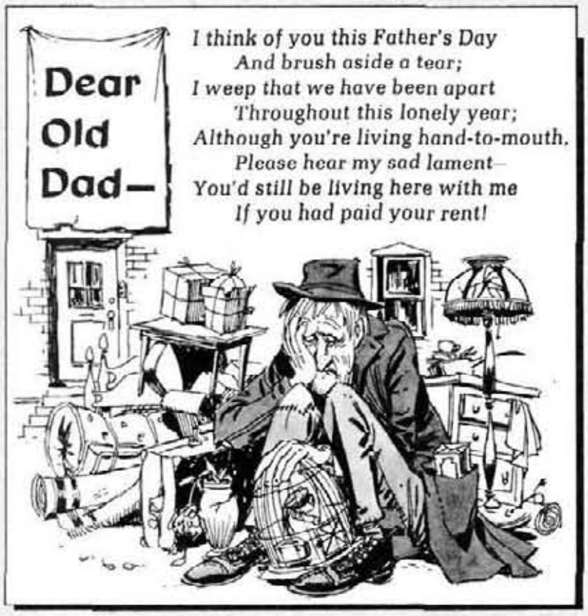


ceived hundreds of letters asking us *not* to run a selection of "Father's Day Cards From Special People," which is why we now proudly present this selection of

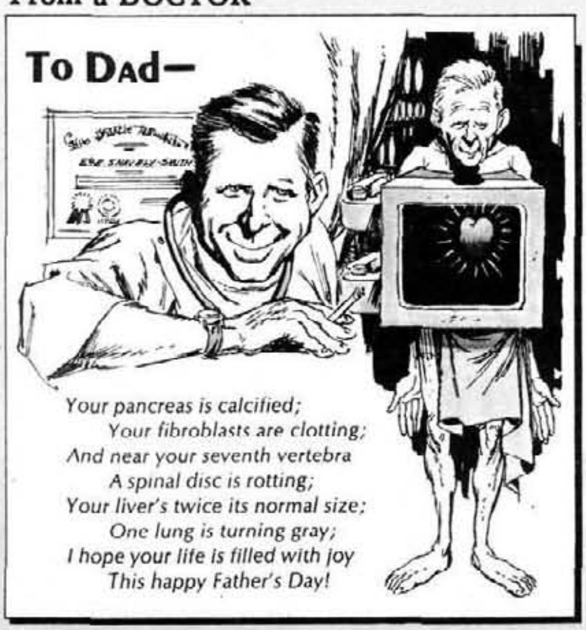
CARDS
PEOPLE



From a LANDLORD



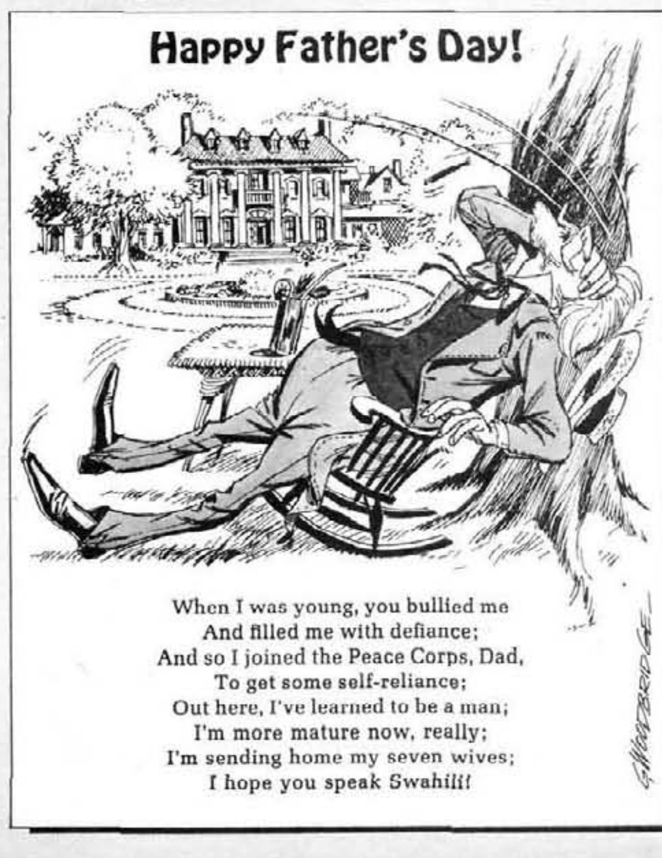
From a DOCTOR



From a BUSINESSMAN



From a PEACE CORPS MEMBER



THE REJEC

WRITER AND ARTIST: TOM HUDSON

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Upon bringing to a close my career as an unsuccessful cartoonist I find that my voluminous collection of rejection slips does not include one of yours (see sketch below).

Would you be kind enough to send me a MAD rejection slip and thus complete my collection? Thanks very much.

Sincerely, Tom Hudson



MAD

Dear Mr. Hudson:

We found your idea for "Rejection Slips From Various Magazines" highly amusing and have assigned the article to one of our regular writers.

We are pleased to enclose a check in payment.

Cordially,

Albert B. Feldstein

Albert B. Feldstein,

Editor

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Thanks for the check, but please, please could you spare me one rejection slip?

As my wife would say,"Is my 'slip'showing?"

Haha. (see sketch).

Tom Hudson



MAD

MEMO

FROM:
William M. Gaines
Publisher

TO:
Al Feldstein
Editor

Dear Al:
Just happened to run across that "slip-showing" cartoon while nosing around your desk. I think it would make a great cover painting...with Alfred standing on some big fat dame's slip at a real fancy costume ball, and looking out at the reader with his typical "What--me worry?" grin. What do you think?

Bill

P.S. Will you see that a check is sent to Hudson for this cover idea.

TION SLIP

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

I am afraid that you have missed the point of the whole thing. My letter was a request for you to send me one of your rejection slips and not intended to be a contribution to your magazine.

I'm still looking! (see sketch)

Sincerely, Tom Hudson



MAD

Dear Mr. Hudson:

Thank you for sending us your delightful "Mail Box" cartoon. We all enjoyed it very much, and plan to use it as the new heading for our "Letters Dept."

Enclosed, please find our check in payment.

Sincerely,
Al Feldstein
Al Feldstein,
Editor

Enclosed is an ancient gag that has been turned down by every magazine in the country.

NOW, how about it?
T.H.



"Remember, you promised - no more drive-in movies!"

MAD

Dear Tom:

Your hilarious "Drive-In Movie" cartoon broke up the entire office, and served as a springboard for a "Drive-In Movie" article.

Enclosed please find check in payment. You're doing great! Keep those ideas coming!

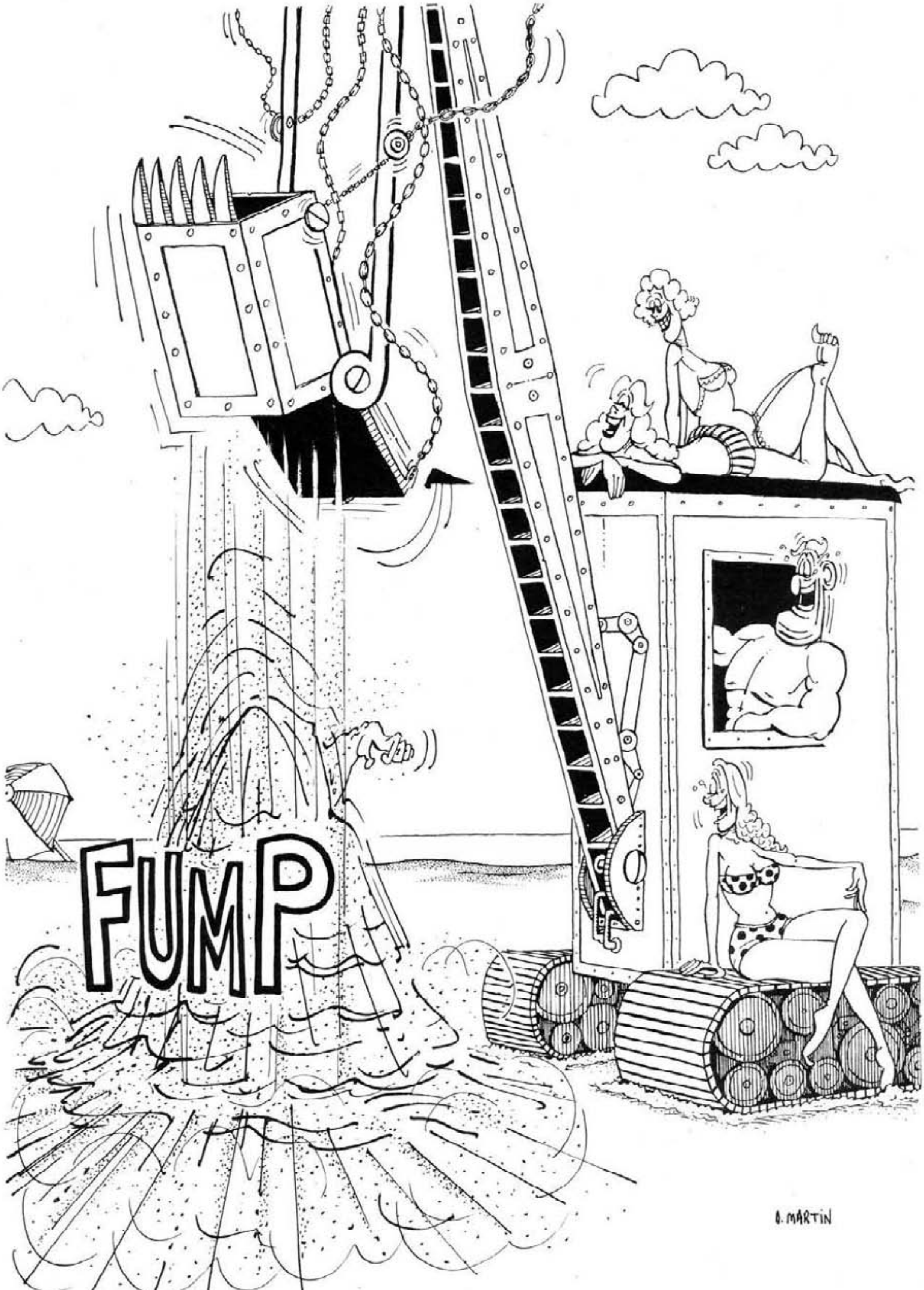
MAD-ly yours,

Al


Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York
Dear Mr. Feldstein:
I cannot thank you enough! I realize now how ridiculous it would be for me to give up cartooning.
You will be happy to know that I have burned all my rejection slips and am embarking on a brand new career.
Am enclosing ten cartoons that I am sure you will find just right for MAD. Thanks again.
Sincerely,
Tom Hudson
MAD
THE EDITORS REGRET THAT THE ENCLOSED MATERIAL IS NOT SUITABLE FOR OUR CURRENT NEEDS.

ON THE BEACH


THWAT
SEPTEMBER
DECEMBER
MARCH
Ha! Now let's see that bully try something!!


FUMP
O. MARTIN

THAT'S HOW THE KOOKIE CRUMBLES DEPT.

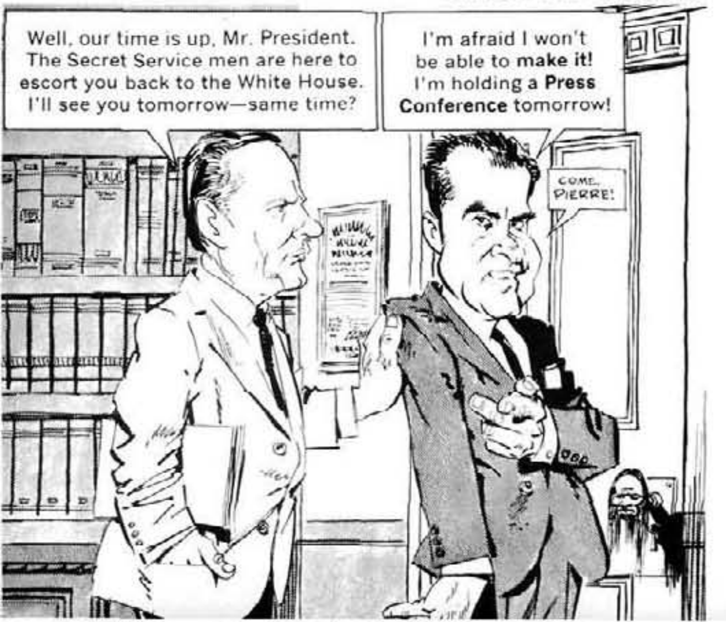
A few issues back, we discussed how those sneaky TV networks developed the "Doctor Show" to replace the "Crime Show" and still give the viewer all the blood and gore he craved. Now, some creative genius has come up with a new gimmick—a TV Psychiatrist who specializes in working with the *criminally insane!* Here, then, is MAD's version of the show that combines the worst elements of the "Doctor Show" and the "Crime Show"—not to mention the "Lawyer Show"... the "Psychiatrist Show" called

THE TENTH HOUR

(SLIGHTLY LATER IN THE CENTRAL TIME ZONE—OR MAYBE IT'S EARLIER! CHECK YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR THE CORRECT LISTING!)



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE






Lie down and tell me all about it!
Thanks! I am a bit tired—
All right! Now relax and talk! Tell me about your childhood—
Well, when I was seven, my Mommy gave me a Little Orphan Annie doll, but my Daddy took it away, and—
I didn't come here to talk about myself, Bassethound! I'm here on official business! We've arrested the head of the Mafia, John Smith!
John Smith? What kind of a name is that for the Mafia chief?
All criminals have names like that now! The sponsors insist! Anyhow, Smith has personally killed fifty men, and he controls every racket in the state, from Pushing Dope to Crooked Bingo Games!
He sounds like a remarkable man! What charge did you arrest him on?
Income Tax Evasion— What else?
He claimed his goldfish as dependents! And now, he's trying to get off by copping a plea of insanity!
By Jung! This sounds like an intriguing case. I'd like to get started immediately!
Good Freud! Look at those pitiful chaps! I'd like to help them!
They're the sponsor's problem!
71ST PCT.
TV DISCRIMINATES AGAINST PEOPLE NAMED SMITH
THESE SIGNS WERE PRINTED BY ACE
CO.
SMITH IS A GOOD AMERICAN NAME!
SO IS JONES
TV IS UN-AMERICAN
TV IS UNFAIR TO ITALIAN ACTORS! GIVE US BACK OUR JOBS!
I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY AT THIS TIME!
Hello, you poor soul! I am here to help you! I am Doctor Bassethound, Psychiatrist!
You? A head-shrinker? You're putting me on, right? Who ever heard of a head doctor without a beard? And you don't even have thick prism glasses! Guard! Guard! GET THIS FINK OUT OF HERE!
Hmmm! You are very observant! A typical characteristic of the criminal mind. But there is a simple explanation. The reason I don't have a beard is that the audience identifies better with a clean-shaven man! And as for my glasses, I refuse to cover up these living-color blue eyes of mine!
Now let's get to work, shall we? My job is to determine whether you were sane at the time you allegedly committed the alleged crime . . .
Loooook, why waste time! I'm bughouse! Who ever heard of a person taking goldfish off his Income Tax??
SO-WHERE IS THIS BIRDMAN ALREADY?




I don't find that strange! As a matter of fact, I have a parakeet to which I am extremely attached! His name is Sigmund . . .
What are you, some kind of nut? Man, like, don't you know them birds can talk? Like suppose the lousy rotten screws pick you up—that bird is liable to squeal on you!
But Sigmund is not a Stool Pigeon—he's a parakeet!
Listen Doc, I'm giving you the straight dope! You can't trust nobody!
Ah, a classic example of a paranoid personality. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Smith!
Not me! I ain't no fink!
Everything you say will be held in the strictest confidence!
Okay, maybe you can help me with my problem. Like I'm always a "Guest Star"! I mean, like why can't I have my own show?
You mustn't think of yourself as inferior because you're just a guest star. Why, on this program, we've billed you as a "Special Guest Star"!
BIG DEAL! What do YOU know about it?!! All you doctors have your own shows! Did you ever hear of a crook having his own program? Answer me THAT!!
Please try to stay calm! There's no need to shout!
Who's shouting!? THIS IS THE WAY I ACT!!
No wonder you don't have a show of your own! You're louder than any of the commercials!
Now let me try to help you! Look into my eyes! You're feeling very tired! Your eyes are heavy! You're getting very sleepy . . . sleepy!
Knock off the hypnotism bit, Doctor Bassethound! You're putting the audience to sleep!
Don't worry! When I'm on—NOBODY SLEEPS!!
Well, Dr. Bassethound, is John Egghead insane?
I thought his name was Smith?
The sponsors changed it! They figured having a crook named "Egghead" would keep all the pressure groups that watch television happy!
I LIKE GOV. BARNETT
71st PCT.
Now tell me, is Egghead crazy?
There is no such thing as a crazy person!
How about the kooks who watch television? Especially programs like this?
They are merely sick! Given proper psychiatric care, they could learn to lead normal and sometimes even useful lives!
TELEVISION
SHOP


Please, Doctor! Is Mr. Egghead insane?
Well, in layman's terms, he is a paranoid psychotic with an advanced schizophrenic symbiosis. In addition, he is suffering from pyromania, hypochondria, insomnia, and loose dentures—not to mention an Oedipus complex complicated by a highly ineffective underarm deodorant trauma!
ZORBA
Yes, but is he legally sane!?
Of course he is legally sane!
Good! I'll want you to testify to that in court!
FOR YEARS MY MOTHER'S BEEN TRYIN' TO ANALYZE ME... BUT IT'LL NEVER WORK! SHE WON'T LET ME PUT MY FEET ON THE COUCH
The first witness for the State . . . Dr. Carl Bassethound!
Doctor, are you a qualified Psychiatrist?
Why, you poor mixed-up creature, of course I am! Don't you remember you were in my office yesterday telling me about your Little Orphan Annie Doll . . . ?
Will the witness kindly restrict himself to answering the question?
Your Honor, did you hate your father?
What in blazes has my father got to do with this case?
I'm only trying to help you, Your Honor! Do you realize that your desk represents your father—and every time you strike it with your gavel, you are reverting to an infantile act of revenge for some grievance buried deep in your subconscious!
Do you realize that you are in a Court of Law? And that you are addressing a Judge? Now answer the question before I hold you in CONTEMPT!
Just as I feared! This is serious! How long have you had these Delusions of Grandeur?
For the last time, will you answer the question!?
I guess I better humor the poor old man before he becomes violent! What was the question?
I forgot!
Just tell us, if you will—is Mr. John Egghead insane?
That would depend upon your definition of insanity! Mr. Egghead is an irrational, sadistic, demented schizo with paranoid tendencies—but then, who among us is PERFECT?
Tell the Court! Is the defendant legally sane?


I object to that question!
Good! Good! That's the spirit! Shout it out! It will make you feel better by helping to relieve that deep-rooted hostility you're obviously suffering from! Come—I'll help you! Now, let it out good and loud! I OBJECT!! I . . .
Please! Is the defendant legally sane or not?
Well, yes—and no!
The State rests!
Me too!
I think we all need a rest!
Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?
We have, Your Honor! We find him stark, raving mad!!
Tell me, do you like girls?
Who—the defendant?
No! We mean this nut—Dr. Bassethound!
Mind if I test your reflexes?
I want to congratulate the jury on a job well done! Take that idiot away!!
Tell me, poor fellow, does that uniform stimulate your id with a feeling of masculine virility? In all probability, it reminds you of a blue blanket you had as a child, right?
Frankly, Dr. O'Brother, I cannot understand it! With all due modesty, I am a clean-cut, likeable person . . . the type every mother would want her son to grow up to be! And yet, I'm the only doctor on TV that's not rated among the top twenty programs!
Your problem is basically simple, Dr. Bassethound! You're at the awkward age!
But I'm 44 years old!!
That's the awkward age for TV doctors! You're too old to be the bright young assistant—and too young to be the father-image type! In a few years, all that will change . . . and you may be the next Dr. Gillespie!
Dr. Gillespie? I'd like that! KILDARE! Come here! Where is that young whipper-snapper! PARKER!!?
PAH-KAH!!

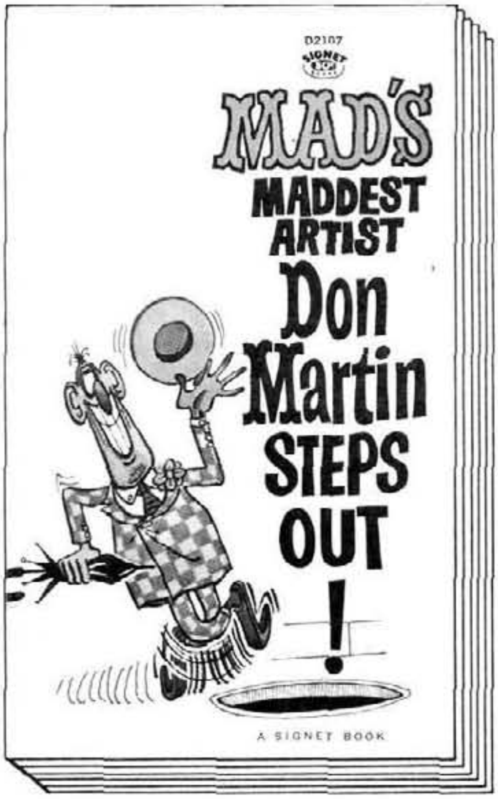
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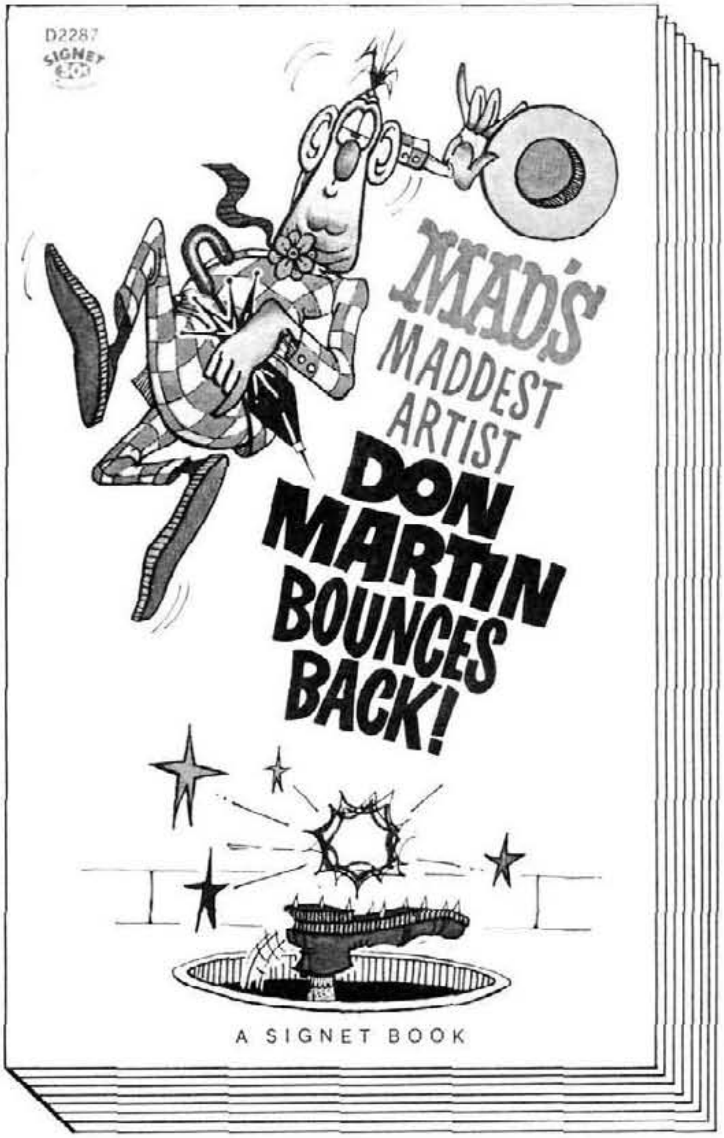


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Is it true... blondes have more fun?







PHOTOS BY LESTER KRAUSS

Just being a blonde is no guarantee, honey! Take our word for it! Because even if you do suffer thru 3 or 4 hours . . . stripping your hair of its old color with cream developer and protinator (which burns like hell), then washing the gook out, then towel-drying it, **then coloring your hair** with chemicals and peroxide, then rinsing, setting, combing it out, and starting all over again in a week — when the roots begin to show . . . Well, men will *still* get nauseous when they see you — if you happen to be ugly in the first place!

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